

Garden in April

The sky darkens
as I look out on dry earth
and a season changing.

Two ragged petals cling
to a tulip as it dies,
tattered by the breeze.

A cultivated broom bush gleams,
less fragrant than the wild
on hillsides bright as fire.

Unplanned scatterings of violets
nestle shady corners,
deposited by birds.

Rose leaves scale brick walls,
tightly folded buds
show only green until
the first great drops begin.

Eye Make-up

I dither at displays with promises.
The smear proof version's what I have to buy.
My eyes are small, I need more emphasis.
You'd say I didn't really need to try.
So many brands, I'm scared to make a choice,
I have forgotten ordinary things.
I reach the counter, try to find my voice –
a bird that's injured, with a broken wing.
I enter to the choking scent of flowers.
I'm angry, I feel cheated of so much.
Last week, we danced together -life was ours.
You left the floor without a word, a touch.
In tears, I grasp my shreds of dignity,
my face a flawless mask, my life quite empty.

THE PK POETS

The PK Poets is a series of free to print poetry leaflets highlighting the poetry of a single poet. It is intended to be a sample introduction to the work of a poet.

The Poetry Kit is a free online resource for poets listing competitions, events, open floor events, online and print magazines. <https://www.poetrykit.org/>

For information about the PK List a free critique list <https://www.poetrykit.org/pkl/index.htm>

About Dorothy Allan

Dorothy Allan was born in Aberdeen but has lived in Northumberland for many years. She has been writing poetry for over twenty years but feels she 'might just be getting the hang of it' now!

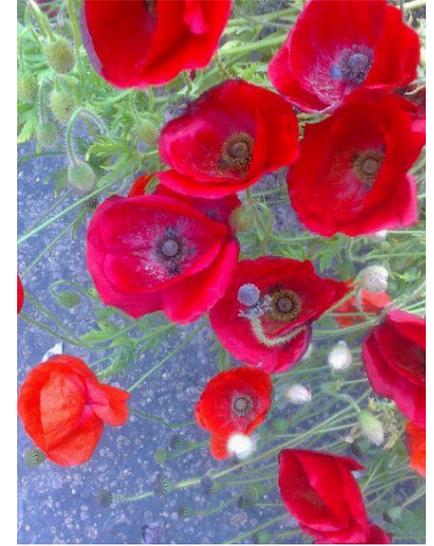
She recently collaborated with a group of poets in producing two books of poetry about Northumberland.

Copies of this poetry leaflet can be downloaded and distributed free of charge provided no change is made to the content. Copyright of the contents remains with the writer.

For further details, to make comment, or to contact the poet or the publisher please email; info@poetrykit.org

THE PK POETS SECOND SERIES

#5 Dorothy Allan



Poppies

Planting Wild Poppies

Sowing seeds is easy, from woody pepper pots
- open, ready to be shaken.

White paper collects black dots.

Introduce with care to dampened soil.

Never be sure which will germinate,
grow next year, or any other

summer into stained-glass colours.

Everything is in the air.

Eventually, all of it

depends on chance

successions of wild seeds

in distant summers,

shed to the wind.

Everywhere you can,

accommodate the wild

so tomorrow will be colourful,

yesterday's dark memories will fade.

This Poem

As sleep approached, this poem emerged.

She slipped the moorings of my brain,

began to have her say,

This paper's smooth and white,

pristine and inviting.

Before I could reply she spread herself

across the naked page

and occupied precisely this

amount of space.

Frozen

Sharp frost, spears of ice,

sharp edges

frozen to immobility -

silent morning

in early, weary winter.

Guests

That summer, as the light increased,
the queen and all her retinue
had taken residence with us,
behind the bricks at our front door.

The queen and all her retinue -
her tiny builders set to work.
Behind the bricks at our front door
they made a village of their own.

Her tiny builders set to work.
In and out they went all day.
They made a village of their own
we could not bear to tear apart.

In and out they went all day.
Fascinated, we just watched.
We could not bear to tear apart
a dainty structure so well made.

Fascinated, we just watched.
They'd taken residence with us -
a dainty structure so well made
that summer, as the light increased

Finding an Eggshell

Spring is plentiful.
Cherry blossom spreads. Pink petals
rise on the breeze.

Sparrows land in sunlit gardens,
Swallows soar and tumble
in mid-air.

On the ground, a blue-green, speckled
eggshell, recently vacated -
a blackbird sings.

Another Game

It looks as though somebody's been here,
left the gate open, just a fraction -
pervasive scent of grass, cut recently.
Regimental tulips stand in pristine beds,
as if to guard the clubhouse where, last spring,
bowlers in smart uniforms played, applauded,
crowded the clubhouse for a drink,
a gossip, a victorious hug.
The bowling green is ready for next season
- whenever that will be.
A double decker bus grinds past, all seats
empty.
From the hedge a chorus of sparrow
fledglings fuss, demanding to be fed.
At the next bus stop, I can just see
a woman waiting patiently.

House Martins

She crouches down,
turns her head to peer
underneath the eaves.
She knows where the nests will be -
a white sketch of droppings,
tiny noises overhead,
the symmetry of black and white
on the backdrop of the sky.

And there they are,
a row of smooth, deep bowls,
perfect as pottery, delicate as air.
If she takes another step,
no bird will land, sensing an intrusion.
Still as the stones she watches
for a homecoming.